THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

Vol. 1 No. 18

PARIS, THE INCOMPARABLE

RIVER SEINE

PLACE DE LA BASTILLE

TOMB OF NAPOLEON

NOTRE DAME

THE MADELEINE

ARC DE TRIOMPHE

A Trip Around the World with
DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF, Lecturer and Traveler

WHAT can be said for Paris within the limits of a few pages? Paris, the scene of some of life's greatest pleasures and the arena of life's bitterest passions, city of gaiety, and sunshine, and ashion, and also a city of shadow, of mystery, and of tragedy, a city vhose history is crowded with dramatic incidents, whose buildings and treet corners are eloquent of the stirring associations of the past, and a ity that, in the present, is the goal of the tourist's ambition, the objective oint toward which the eager eyes of the traveler yearn. The very ame of Paris seems to be a magnet to everyone. I have read a great nany descriptions of Paris, by writers in English and in French, and ave tried to find some descriptive term that suits that wonderful city. After many visits, in which I have felt each time the fascination of Paris

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

This is one of the most beautiful and extensive squares in the world. The obelisk rising in the center was brought from Egypt.

anew, I have found myself comparing it most frequently to a charming woman,—never quite the same, but always irresistible. Paris has something to offer that interests and pleases everyone. You may find the gay side of life there if you want that; you may find a rich mine of historical information there if you are a student of history; or you may simply walk about the streets of Paris and dream away the days in observation of the wonderful things to be seen.

RIVER SEINE

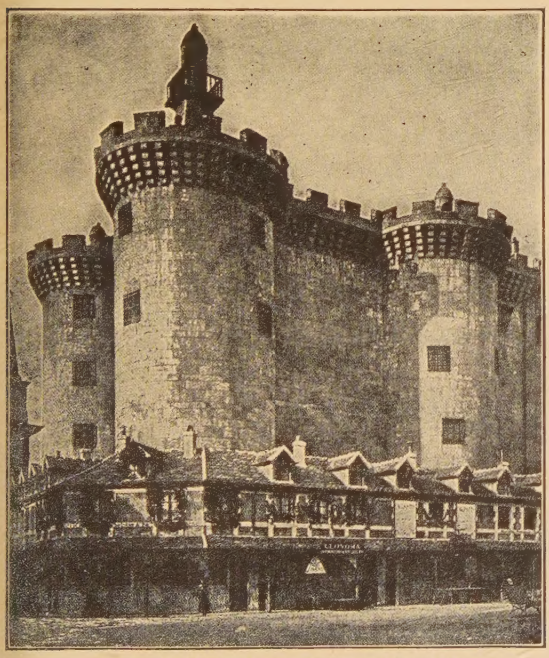
So vital is this great city that we are tempted to apply to it the terms of the human organism. As the fresh air that stirs the trees in the boulevards and parks and flows along the quays is the very breath of Paris whispering to us many of her secrets, so the River Seine (sane) is the artery that pulses through the city's very heart. As we walk along the River Seine it is well to remember that we are treading on historic ground of worldwide interest. New and interesting sights greet the eye at almost every step. Bridges span the river at frequent intervals. There are things of beauty, especially the famous Alexander Bridge. Looking up the river one of the most attractive views discloses Notre Dame

(note′-r dahm) in the distance. Besides the many interesting buildings on the banks, the river has its own special sights. You will see curious bathing machines, oddly formed freight boats along the quays, and if you look sharply you will see some of the most wonderful fishermen in the world. They sit on the quays from one side to the other. I have visited Paris for nearly thirty years, and every time I watch these fishermen. During nearly a quarter of a century of observation I have never seen anyone of them get a bite—and still they go on fishing.

One of the bridges has historic associations that call for special note, —the Pont de la Concorde. This bridge was built of stones taken from the old Bastille. If these rough blocks could speak they would tell many harrowing tales of the black days of the French Revolution.

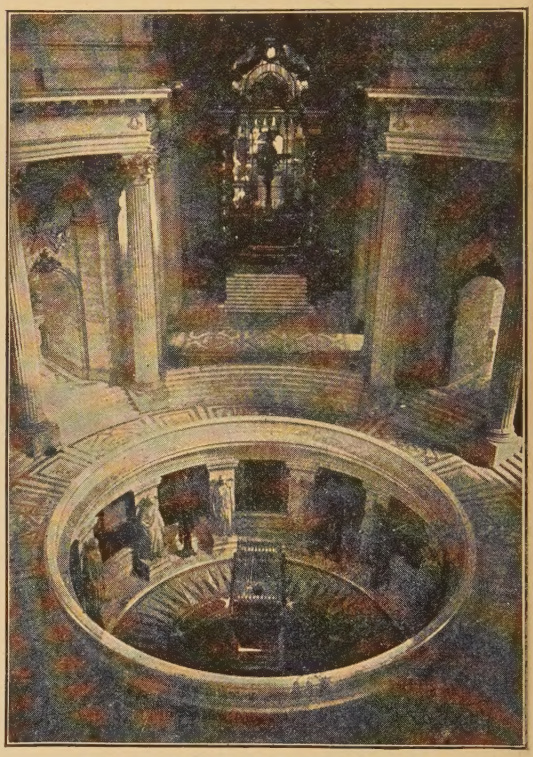
PLACE DE LA BASTILLE

Here in this historic place the stones now forming the Pont de la Concorde were laid one upon another to construct the castle called "The Bastille St. Antoine" (bas-teel′ san on-twon′). The orginal structure was an old fortified city gateway erected in 1369-83 by Kings Charles V. and VI. The fortress was turned into a state prison, and as such became intolerably odious during the years of French history preceding the Revolution. In July, 1789, the populace, disturbed by the rumor that royal regiments were marching on the city, gathered arms, and in a hysterical insurrection swept down upon the Bastille and assaulted it desperately. On the 14th of July Governor Delaunay, who had only a small garrison to hold out with against the mob, surrendered, and both he and his soldiers were massacred. If you would know what this terrible scene was like and would feel the grip and thrill of it, turn to Carlyle's "French Revolution" and read the chapter on the Fall of the Bastille. The old fortress was razed to the ground, and many



REPRODUCTION OF THE BASTILLE

and awful records were found within its grim walls. There is nothing now to define the location of the Bastille except a line of white stones running along the ground between the Rue St. Antoine and the Boulevard Henry IV. On one of the houses there is an inscription, together with a plan of the Bastille.



THE CRYPT IN NAPOLEON'S TOMB

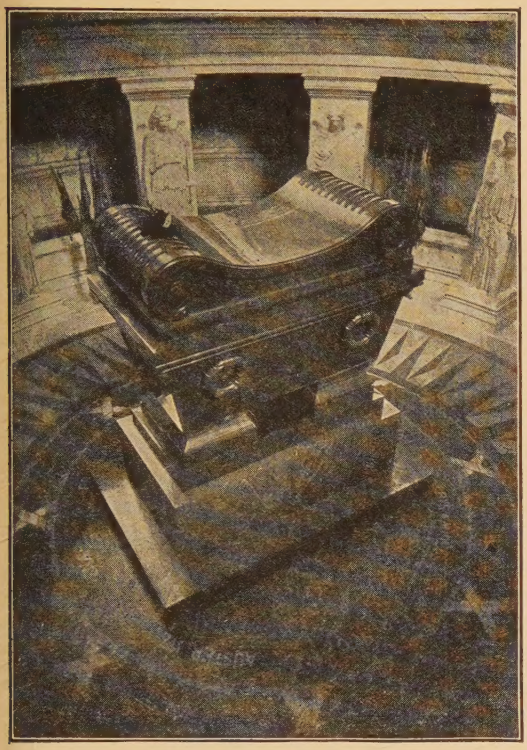
The twelve colossal figures surrounding the crypt symbolize the principal Napoleonic victories.

THE COLUMN OF JULY

This beautiful column is an attractive adornment of the Place de la Bastille. It was designed by Alavoine (ah-la-vwon′) and Duc (dook), and was erected in 1831-40, in honor of the heroes who fell in the Revolution of July, 1830. The column is a graceful and imposing one 154 feet in height, and is adorned with many allegorical medallions and other significant decorations. The Place de la Bastille has been the scene of turbulent disorder and strenuous conflict a number of times in the history of Paris. The downfall of 1789 was the most violent of these; but the place was the scene of bitter activity in 1830, and it played a part in the Revolution of 1848, and in the disturbed time of 1871, when it was one of the last strongholds of the forces of the Commune.

TOMB OF NAPOLEON

While the thought of military activity and disturbance is in our minds, let us turn our attention to the last resting place of France's greatest commander and one of the greatest military geniuses of the world, —Napoleon Bonaparte. The tomb of Napoleon was built in 1843-53, and was designed by Visconti the younger. The time to visit it is in the afternoon. On a bright, sunny day, as you enter the shrine of the tomb, you will find the sun shining directly through a yellow window, casting



THE SARCOPHAGUS OF NAPOLEON

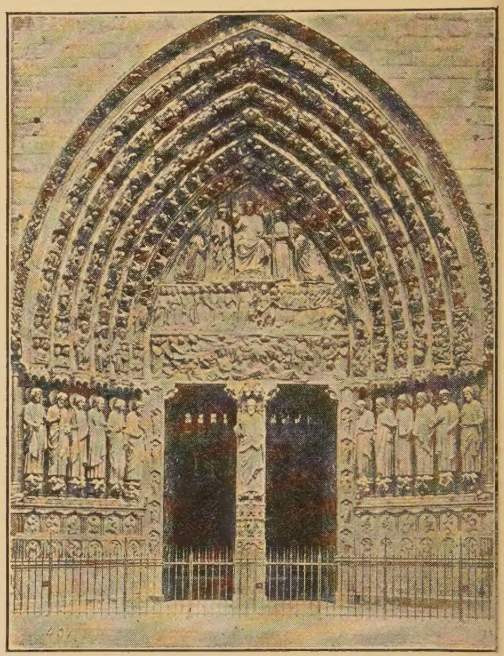
On the mosaic pavement, which represents a wreath of laurels, are inscribed the names of Napoleon's battles.

a glow that is wonderfully effective. There before you are the names of Bonaparte's victories. You may, if you choose, go down and look at the tomb from the crypt. It is very simple, but magnificent, made of reddish brown porphyry from Finland. It is a spot where the student of history must linger with intense interest. Napoleon died in exile at St. Helena in 1821. His remains were brought to Paris in 1840. The sarcophagus, which covers thirteen feet by six and one-half feet, with a depth of fourteen and one-quarter feet, is composed of five large blocks. When we remember the disturbed public feeling that prevailed at the time when the body of the great conqueror was brought back to the city and country that he had made famous in military annals, the apprehension with which the undertaking was regarded by some, we may appreciate the meaning of a little incident that came within my own knowledge. When I was standing in the tomb, thinking of Napoleon's greatness, a typical American with a French guide came in. The guide said, "Monsieur, I have the pleasure to inform you that this tomb weighs over seventy tons." The American replied, "Yes; I suppose they want to keep him down."

NOTRE DAME

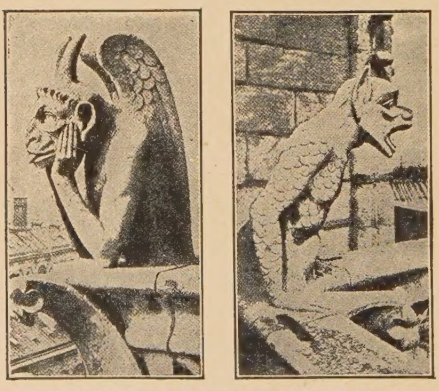
This wonderful building is rich with historical incidents and redolent with romantic associations. The great cathedral was founded in 1163 and consecrated in 1182; the cornerstone being laid by Pope Alexander III., who was at that time a refugee in France. Notre Dame has survived many changes, and is the model for many of the churches in France. It was built on the site of an old Roman temple, and has watched Paris and France through many vicissitudes. The façades are

very wonderful, in spite of all the disfigurements caused by various revolutions. Most of the figures are beautiful and exquisitely executed. The interior of the cathedral, while very lofty, is impressive in its simplicity and grandeur. Many wonderful events have taken place in this great church; but none more remarkable than the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine. There is a painting of this event in the building. When Napoleon was to be crowned he took the crown from the hands of the archbishop and placed it on his own head—then placed it on the head of Josephine.



THE DOORWAY, NOTRE DAME

Many go to the top of the tower. There are 371 steps: not a comfortable climb. It is worth while, however, not simply for the view to be had, but for the sight of the interesting and curious decorations and quaint architectural devices on the tower. About you are varied forms of diabolically grotesque gargoyles,—strange creatures carved in stone, with heads thrust out and fantastic faces grinning over the city. Notre Dame, like many other buildings in Paris, was subjected to strange uses in times of stress and storm. In 1793 the cathedral was turned into a "temple of reason," the statues were defaced, the figure of the Virgin being replaced by one of Liberty. After the French Revolution it was restored to the Catholic Church and was reopened as a place of worship.

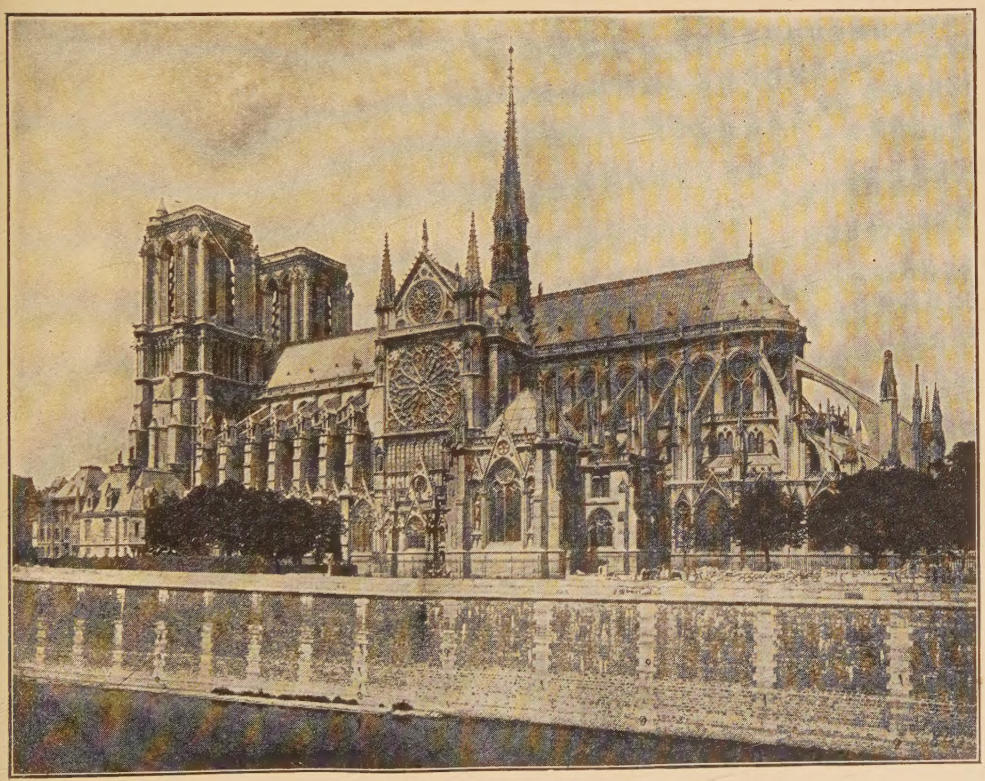


GARGOYLES ON THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME

THE MADELEINE

If the traveler had not been prepared by previous information, had he been suddenly set down in the Rue Royale to walk from the Place de la Concorde to the church of La Madeleine (mahd-

(lane'), he would exclaim at first sight of this beautiful building, "Surely a Greek temple!" Authorities have described the Madeleine as a Roman temple in style; but most of us regard it rather as the "Parthenon of France." It preserves in beautiful fashion the best traditions of classic architecture. It is imposing, majestic, beautiful, a structure to which the eye returns frequently with renewed pleasure. In the days of Louis XV there was a church on this site. On its foundation Napoleon reared an edifice designed as a Temple of Glory. It was finally completed in 1842. Go through the Madeleine at eleven o'clock in the morning. There is a magnificent choir there. On ordinary days you will not see so many people in the church; but on saints' days it is thronged, and the sight is an interesting and moving one. The church is of noble proportions, 354 feet in length, 141 feet in breadth, and 100 feet in height, surrounded by a most imposing colonnade of Corinthian columns. There



CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME

This cathedral was founded in 1163 and consecrated in 1182. In 1793, at the time of the Revolution, Notre Dame was converted into a "Temple of Reason." In 1802 it was restored to the Catholic Church.

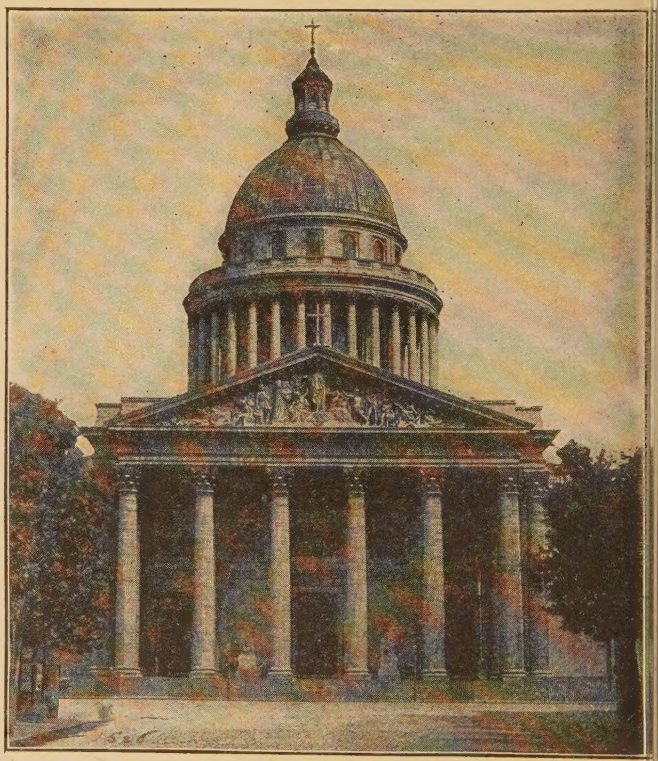
is something finely fitting about everything inside and outside of the Madeleine. Its architecture is pure and chaste, its appearance dignified and impressive, and its musical services, both on the organ and orchestral, are the finest to be found in Paris.

ARCH OF TRIUMPH

There are two Arcs de Triomphe (tree-onf′). One, minor in importance, is called the "Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel" (cah-roo-sel′), which was formerly the upper entrance to the Tuileries. This was erected to commemorate the victories won by Napoleon I., in 1805, and it is an imitation of the Arch of Severus in Rome.

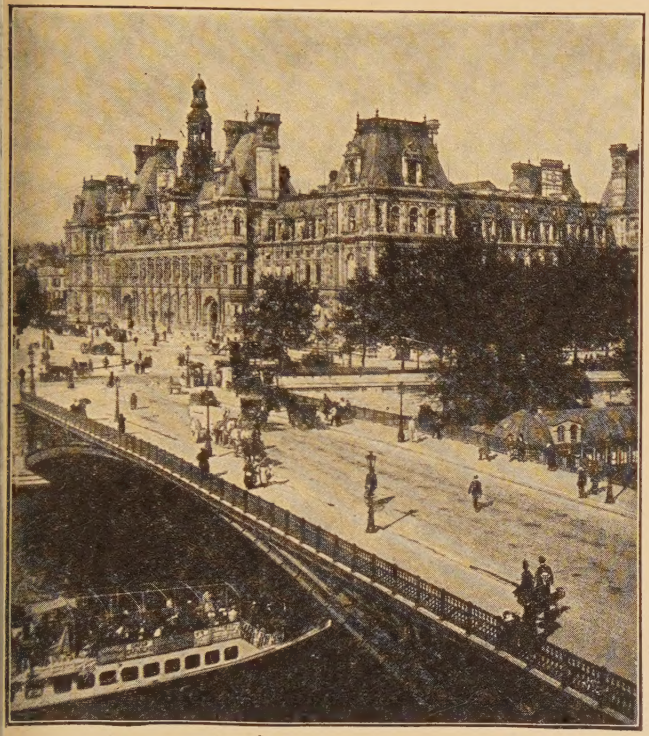
The great arch of Paris, however, is the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile (lay-twol′), which is the largest triumphal arch in existence and can be seen from nearly every part of the suburbs of Paris. This wonderful architectural monument was begun by Napoleon Bonaparte to commemorate his victories, in 1806, and was constructed by designs from Chalgrin (shal′-gran). It was completed by Louis Phillipe (loo′-e fi-leep′) in 1836. It is most graceful and effective in mass, the highly decorated masonry framing a vast arch that rises 96 feet and is 48 feet wide. The decorations of the arch, which are rich and finely rendered, represent various historic events associated with the career of Napoleon.

Ascent to the platform on the summit—a climb of 273 steps—brings one to the Prospect, where a fine view of the city may be had. Let all who love



THE PANTHÉON

The Panthéon occupies the site of the tomb of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris.



HÔTEL DE VILLE

The Hôtel de Ville is the headquarters of the municipal government of Paris. It is a magnificent structure in the French Renaissance style.

Paris rest there awhile, for from that point the wondrous city unfolds its beauties before you. Don't look at a map of Paris: it resembles nothing more than a dress design. Look rather from the summit of the Arc de Triomphe, and the buildings and boulevards of Paris become clear to you. Look down the Champs Élysées (shon zay-lee-zay), and there you will see the great group of buildings that we know as the Louvre (loov-r), and there beyond in the middle of your view you will notice the top of Notre Dame and the dome of the Panthéon. You will notice that among all these buildings there are no skyscrapers. That is one of the charms of Paris: the streets are delightful.

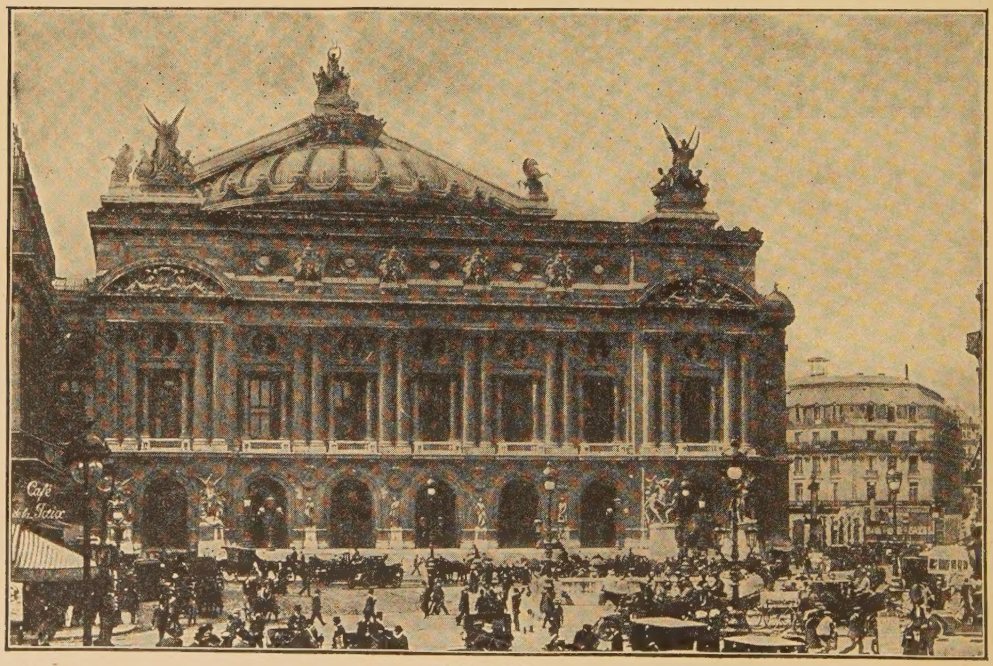
That noble dome which we noticed from the Arc de Triomphe is the crowning ornament of the Panthéon, which occupies the highest ground on the south bank of the Seine. It marks the site of the Tomb of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, and resembles the great Panthéon at Rome. In 1790, the present church, begun twenty-six years previously, was finished and dedicated to St. Geneviève. The following year it was converted into a national hall of fame and was rededicated to the memory of the country's great men. Here were buried Mirabeau, Voltaire, and more recently Victor Hugo, Émile Zola, and President Carnot. It was several times restored to religious uses, but always made again a memorial.

The Hôtel de Ville is the center of official Paris and the seat of its city government. This magnificent building was begun in 1876 to replace an older one which was destroyed by the Communists five years before. Defeated in their attempt to hold the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, they retired

to the building, to which they set fire, destroying the building, together with 600 of their own party. Many other tragic events have transpired on the spot, as the place was the seat of public executions for more than five hundred years.

While the center of official Paris is the Hôtel de Ville, the center that draws the visitor is the Place de l'Opéra. It is from here that radiate boulevards and streets lined with the shops that attract the eyes of the world. There is a French saying, "*Tout le monde passe ici*" (Here all the world pass), and every visitor spends some part of nearly every day at one of the nearby cafés, watching the ever changing, always absorbing crowds of people going by.

Paris is indeed a paradise for those who seek diversion. At every moment of day and night, and from all sides, pleasures invite us and beautiful sights draw us on. This is the Paris that the traveler generally comes to know; for it is the Paris that he generally goes to seek. Besides, this is the Paris historic, the Paris artistic, the Paris politic, the Paris socialistic, and the Paris dynamic with fierce energy. There is a Paris to attract every man, whatever his tastes and inclinations may be.



THE OPERA

This is the largest theater in the world, covering an area of nearly three acres. The site alone cost over $2,000,000, and the cost of the building amounted to $7,000,000.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

The Story of Paris	*T. Okey*
Historic Churches of Paris	*W. F. Lonergen*
The Stones of Paris	*B. E. and C. M. Martin*
The Three Musketeers	*Alexandre Dumas*
Twenty Years After	*Alexandre Dumas*
About Paris	*R. H. Davis*
Paris (2 vols.)	*A. J. C. Hare*

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

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BOIS DE BOLOGNE, PARIS

THE RIVER SEINE, PARIS

ONE

WALK among the pleasant tree-clad hills just northwest of Dijon, France. The green grass waves gently in the breeze. Suddenly a white nymph comes unexpectedly into view, bending over and gazing into the bubbling waters of a spring that wells up at her feet. This is a sacred spot to the people of Paris, although it is two hundred miles away; for here is the birth of the River Seine, at a height of 1,545 feet above the sea. The city of Paris has set the statue of the nymph here to mark the spot. It is a small stream at first, and is often dry for the first thirty-one miles of its journey to the sea, during which it descends 705 feet, nearly half the height. But, as it wanders cheerfully on, it receives the waters of the Aube, the Yonne, the Oise, the Essonne, the Loing, and the Eure, and joins the Marne just before reaching Paris, where it becomes a considerable river, capable of floating vessels that draw from nine to ten feet of water.

The ordinary volume of water in the Seine at Paris is 5,300 cubic feet a second; but in times of dry weather this has been known to be as low as 1,200 cubic feet. On the other hand, the flood waters in rainy seasons have frequently risen very high. In 1910 they reached twenty-four feet above normal, almost 100,000 cubic feet a second, and caused great damage and suffering. The underground railways were flooded, as were thousands of dwellings in the city, and some of the streets resembled the canals of Venice. This, however, is not the ordinary conduct of the Seine, but a rare exception. About five hundred feet wide at Paris, the river sweeps by the beautiful city under many bridges. It carries many trading vessels to and from the capital, and its banks are bordered with broad quays with ports for loading and unloading below them. Passenger steamers, too, ply the waters of the Seine, and some most delightful excursions may be made in this way to points of interest up or down the river.

Entering the city from the southeast, the Seine flows under the Pont National and takes a northwesterly course past the Jardin des Plantes, the Isle St. Louis and the Isle de la Cité, with its splendid cathedral of Notre Dame. Soon it passes the Palace of the Louvre and the garden of the Tuileries, where it changes its course to west, past the Petit and Grand Palaces, and soon turns again to southwest, sweeping tranquilly by the Eiffel Tower on one side and the Trocadéro on the other.

Many are the excursions and outings taken upon the Seine, and the gay-hearted people of the capital take advantage of the easy transportation it affords. Many, too, are those who yearly seek to forget their sorrows beneath its quiet waters.

PREPARED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION
ILLUSTRATION FOR THE MENTOR, VOL. 1, No. 18, SERIAL No. 18

PLACE DE LA BASTILLE, PARIS

THE commandant climbed fiercely up the stair, stepped out upon the platform of the tower that overlooked the wall, and gazed intently to the north. He listened, too; but for a moment or two his own heartbeats and the sound of his breathing were all that he could hear. Then there grew upon his senses the sound of a low, sullen roar. It rose and fell; but each succeeding climax was louder than the one before it. The governor turned with a short shrug of his shoulders and quickly went down the stone steps. There was a command, the ringing of muskets on the flags, the tramping of feet, and the garrison was ready for the siege.

The stronghold in which these events took place had been begun by King Charles I in 1370, at one of the gates of Paris, and was intended as a fortress to guard the river approach. Later it had been converted into a prison, and history knows no more terrible record than that of the Bastille, the "fort of the gate." A wall surrounded it, and outside of this ran a moat, wide and deep. Inside rose the vast pile of stone, surrounded by eight towers and containing dark and horrible dungeons without light, slimy with mold, and alive with rats. Countless thousands of prisoners died lingering deaths in this awful place. Petty spite and personal quarrels were settled by court favorites obtaining an order to imprison the unfortunate victims here, and few were those who ever again saw the sunlight. Thus the Bastile became the terror of the people of France.

On this fair morning in July, 1789, rumors of attack by the royal troops had set the people wild, and armed with every sort of weapon they marched upon the impregnable prison. The garrison within could see them approach, take aim at the loopholes, and fire. One of the garrison was killed; but when the soldiers fired the mob fell like grain before the scythe. Some of the soldiers, sick at seeing their countrymen murdered, called upon the governor to surrender. The latter, realizing that his cruelty had made him hated by the people, determined to die, but to take the mob into eternity with him. Seizing a torch he rushed into the powder magazine. He was caught just in time by the soldiers, and with a musket at his head ordered the drawbridge lowered.

Then was let loose the hatred that had been growing in the people's hearts for centuries. The garrison was slaughtered and the prisoners freed. But nothing would do less than the destruction of the place itself, and for a whole year an army of men, women, and children toiled upon the shrinking walls of this symbol of despotic power. It was leveled to the ground, and now only a line of white stones in the pavement shows where it stood. This open space is called the Place de la Bastille. In its center is a fine shaft 154 feet high, the "Column of July," built to commemorate the heroes of the Revolution of 1830. The remains of those who fell in this, and also the Revolution of 1848, are contained in an immense sarcophagus within its base.

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THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON, PARIS

HIGH above the sea a rock cliff, the waves roaring at its base; to the west a crimson sun gilding the tossing surface of the ocean; behind, the green and yellow fields where the grain was ripening; over all, the blue sky,—in such surroundings a man sat on a low bench gazing at the setting sun, his elbow on his knee, his chin upon his hand. Motionless he sat there, and the sun set and the stars came out and twinkled. And then, when it was night, he rose wearily and walked slowly, with bowed head and arms behind his back, to the house. At the door he turned, and gazed out to sea, and but a faint sigh escaped his lips: *"La France!"*

What did he see there in the west? He saw legion after legion of men; he saw armies marching by in splendid array; he saw whole regiments of infantry go forward to the charge; and he heard cannon crash and roar and the rattle of rifle fire; and he saw cavalry go thundering by with the cry: "The Emperor and France!" He saw the whole of Europe conquered and himself crowned emperor of one of the greatest empires in the world's history. And then the visions crumbled and faded, and it was but night on a lonely island in the sea.

So day after day, and night after night, on the little isle of St. Helena, did Napoleon mourn for the armies and triumphs that he would never see again—and so he died.

In 1840, nineteen years after his death, the body of Napoleon was brought back to Paris and placed beneath the splendid dome of the Church of the Invalides. The church is a square pile of 198 feet, and over its center rises the gilded dome to a height of 350 feet. Directly beneath it is an open circular crypt, which is twenty feet deep below the floor of the church, and thirty-six feet in diameter. In the middle of this open well rises the tomb of the Emperor, who was born in Ajaccio, Corsica, in 1769, and died at St. Helena. The sarcophagus measures thirteen feet in length and is six and one-half feet wide and fourteen and three-quarters feet deep. It is made of red granite from Finland. On the mosaic floor are inlaid the names of eight of Napoleon's great battles: Rivoli, the Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, Muscova. About the wall are twelve colossal figures symbolizing the victories of the great warrior, and captured flags stand about the bier.

Over all is a golden glow that seems to come from high up in the tower. Visitors from other countries wonder at the perfect taste shown in every detail of the tomb; the French people who gaze upon it shed tears.

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ILLUSTRATION FOR THE MENTOR, VOL. 1, No. 18, SERIAL No. 18

NOTRE DAME, PARIS

WHEN Julius Cæsar led his conquering Romans into what is now France, he found a tribe called the Parisii, whose chief settlement was upon an island in the Seine. It is recorded that they were brave fighters and resisted the invaders till the last man of them was killed. The island of the Parisii, the site of their ancient capital, is now called "La Cité," and was for centuries the principal part of the city of Paris and the home of the Roman emperors on their visits here.

It is on this island that the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris stands. It was founded in 1163 on the site of a former church that was built in the fourth century. The foundation stone of the present church was laid by Pope Alexander III, then a refugee in France, and the edifice was completed in the thirteenth century. The original plans showed a tall and inspiring building. For several reasons the cathedral does not impress one in that way. The towers, which were to have been surmounted by lofty spires, have been left without them; and then, too, in all these centuries the surrounding ground has been gradually raised by the dust and refuse of ages until it is on a level with the floor of the cathedral.

And still it is a beautiful and effective fabric of pure Gothic design. The three deep entrances at the front are adorned with carvings, and the ironwork of the doors is fine. Above is a beautiful rose window, whose stained glass throws a soft glow over a large part of the interior.

At the time of the Revolution in 1793 Notre Dame was converted into a Temple of Reason. Its sculptures were mutilated. The statue of the Virgin was replaced by that of Liberty. A Greek temple of philosophy was erected within the church, and a ballet dancer represented the enthroned figure of Reason, receiving in state the worship of her votaries. The wild orgies that took place in the ancient edifice led to its being closed, and it was not until 1795 that it was again opened. It was restored in 1845. Its façade is said to be one of the finest, as well as the earliest, of its kind in existence, and has served as the model of many other cathedrals in northern France. Among its noticeable features are the weird and grotesque carvings of animals and monsters that encircle the building high above the third story.

For more than seven hundred years Notre Dame has been a place of worship. It has seen royal christenings, weddings, and coronations; it has seen dynasties come and go; and with the fall of the monarchy it suffered in common with the palaces at the hands of the mob. Today it is one of the show places of Paris, where the traditions of centuries have been preserved.

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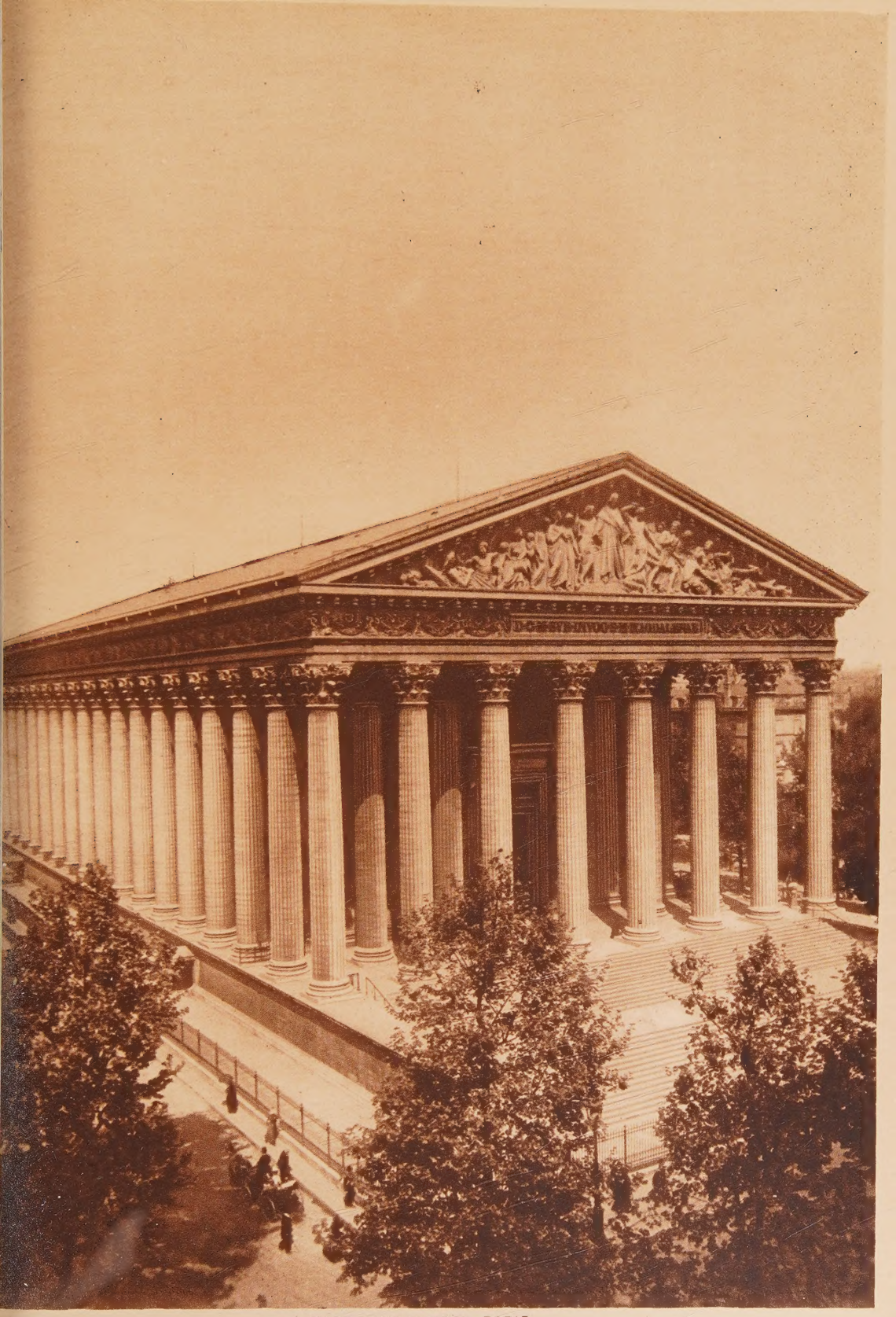

MADELEINE CHURCH. PARIS

TWENTY-THREE hundred years ago there stood upon the Acropolis overlooking Athens the most perfect building of all those produced by the architects of Greece. When Athens was occupied by the Turks, the Parthenon was used as a mosque and later to store munitions of war. In 1687 a cannonball ignited the powder stored there, causing an explosion that threw down many of the superb pillars and wrecked the handsome structure. Since then it has fallen still further into decay, and many of the sculptured figures upon its exterior have been carried to England.

The Church of the Madeleine in Paris is an almost exact reproduction of the Parthenon, and one may look at it and imagine oneself upon the Athenian hill, except for the motorcars and cabs that rush through the splendid street upon which it faces.

The Madeleine, or the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, was not always used for religious purposes. Occupying the site of a former church, the present building was begun by Napoleon in 1806 as a Temple of Glory, where the victories of Austerlitz and Jena should be commemorated every year with elaborate ceremonies. After the battle of Waterloo this plan was abandoned; but the building went on as originally designed by Pierre Vignon and later by Huvi. It was not finished until 1842, since when it has been used as a church.

Surrounded by massive Corinthian columns, this is one of the most beautiful edifices in the French capital. Broad and stately flights of steps lead to the level of the entrance, where hang great bronze doors. Upon them appear illustrations of the ten commandments. The interior contains several fine sculptures and paintings, one of the latter representing Napoleon receiving the emperor's crown at the hands of Pope Pius VII. During Passion Week and at other church festivals the Madeleine is noted for its music. Its organ is one of the finest in Paris, and this is supplemented by a large orchestra.

Standing on the steps of the Madeleine one looks down the Rue Royale to the Place de la Concorde. Past the front sweeps the traffic of the Rue St. Honoré, one of the city's busiest shopping streets. Within the church is absolute quiet. Here one cannot help thinking that Napoleon builded better than he knew after all, and that the beautiful pile is in reality a temple of glory, linking his name and achievements with the magnificence of the art of Greece.

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ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS

THERE is nothing more dazzling in history than the rise of the young lieutenant of artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte, to the title of Emperor of the French, the period of nineteen years elapsing from his winning the former rank to his elevation to the throne. And from that time on the great soldier-emperor found time to do many things besides fight battles and win victories. He did much for the city of Paris, and it has been said that he never considered a victory complete until it had been commemorated in some lasting monument. The Arch of Triumph, or more correctly the Arch of Triumph of the Star, from its position as the radiating point of twelve beautiful avenues, is one of the monuments begun by Napoleon to celebrate his victories. It was finished by Louis Philippe, fifteen years after the emperor's death.

This monument is the largest and most magnificent arch in existence. The whole monument is one hundred and sixty-four feet high. The immense pillars supporting it are adorned with trophies thirty-six feet high, in which are colossal figures. On one side are the Rising of the People in 1792 at the Summons of War; and the Triumph of Napoleon after the Austrian campaign. Above is the surrender of the Turks at Abukir. The bas reliefs on the frieze represent the departure and the return of the troops. On the opposite side are groups representing the resistance of the French to the invading allies in 1814 and the Blessings of Peace, and above the Taking of Alexandria. The battles of Austerlitz (1805) and Jemmapes (1792) are shown on the ends, and there are thirty shields on the cornice wreathed with the names of victories. No less than 142 other battles are named on the vaulting of the principal arch.

The location of the Arch of Triumph is no less wonderful than the monument itself. On high ground, it stands at the end of the Champs-Élysées. the splendid drive and promenade of Paris, down which one may look for a mile and a half to the Place de la Concorde, the whole forming the most magnificent section of any city in the world.

It is a commentary on the instability of power that the Arch of Triumph, begun to celebrate the victories of Napoleon, witnessed in 1814 the coming of the armies of the allies to celebrate the downfall of the emperor, and they marched beneath the partly completed monument to drive Napoleon into exile.

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